THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

"Giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel" is not the kind that revolves in steel factories.

Messages sent by wireless telegraphy are called "aerograms," but the Mrs. Malaprops will be sure to have only anagrams.

Walter Lazenby, an English journalist, says it is bad form for a gentleman to carry large sums of money on his person. Burglars who desire to make gentlemen conform to form will please take note.

An American company is preparing to haul barges by electricity along 5000 miles of English and Continental canals. Thus the New World keeps the Old from cluttering up the "ringing groove of change."

The San Francisco Argonaut thinks that the enormous growth of the country in wealth and trade is attributable to the possession of the best natural facilities for production, the largest opportunities, the greatest natural skill, and the most favorable conditions for dealing in the markets of the world.

Frank A. Vanderlip points out in Scribner's the two things which make Germany the greatest competitor of the United States throughout the world—her wonderful technical education and the advantages which all the school children have for the study of English and French, thus fitting themselves for commercial work in almost every civilized country.

"The features of the human face," said Mark Twain the other day, "can readily be compelled into a kaleidoscope of contortions, running the gamut from the expression of intense delight to the expression of excruciating agony. You will never wholly realize this, however, until you have the opportunity of watching a humorist in the throes of turning out a 'side-splitter.'"

If it were not for the serious side of the case, there would be something intensely humorous in the recent decision of the Lord Chancellor of England that the war in South Africa is not a war, but only "a sort of warfare." The British taxpayer doubtless thinks it is a pretty big war when it requires the maintenance in the field of an army of about 250,000 men, at a cost of about $1,000,000 per day.

One of the effects expected of the long-distance developments in wireless telegraphy is not the destruction of the usefulness of submarine telegraph cables, but the stimulation of the spirit of invention for the discovery of new methods of rapid transmission of messages over them, which will increase their utility and cheapen operation. Electricians predict that means will be devised for multiplying the capacity of cables now in use, just as the capacity of single land wires has been multiplied by the use of duplex and quadruplex instruments.

The Newfoundland codfish and the banks whereon its wild time is expended are still a cause of diplomatic grief and tediousness to France and England, to be transiently assuaged, no doubt, by a new modus vivendi, the last one having just expired. The only codfish known which is beyond the stage of exciting political trouble is, perhaps, the one in the Boston State House, the commonwealth's mascot, which has given no trouble to anybody for a hundred years and more, while its types under the wave have made, and will likely continue to make, no end of international bother, facetiously observes the New York Tribune.

Our country has taken the lead in giving, as in many other things; and sums of such vast proportions have been bestowed upon the public that we stand amazed before the magnitude of these benefactions. This is the age of giving on a scale never before realized, and at present the absolute competency and value of such gigantic largess cannot be fully estimated. In many cases the sense of public responsibility has grown in proportion to the size and rapidity of the accumulation. In the rapid fluctuations and risks of business, some men believe that what is given away is saved. It has gone into a trust that can be depended upon, and has lost the illusory character of the ordinary fortune, comments the Christian Register.

FALLEN INTO ELD.

I sit before my window
And watch the sullen rain;
The hand of age is on me,
And weakness grows to pain.

My sons are men, far from me;
Their father—he is dead;
I own the roof above me,
I do not lack for bread.

But O the lonely morning!
And O the dreary night!
Ah, life itself should follow
When love and hope take flight.

No happy days await me,
No joy that all must crave;
The only path before me
Ends in an open grave.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.

A DOG OF RUDDY COVE.

By Norman Duncan.

He was a Newfoundland dog, born of reputable parents at Back Arm and decently bred in Ruddy Cove, which is on the northeast coast. He had black hair, short, straight and wiry,—the curly-haired breed has failed on the island,—and broad, ample shoulders, which his forbears had transmitted to him from generations of hauling wood.

He was heavy, awkward and ugly, resembling somewhat a great draft-horse. But he pulled with a will, fended for himself, and within the knowledge of men had never stolen a fish; so he had a high place in the hearts of all the people of the Cove, and a safe one in their estimation.

"Skipper! Skipper! Here, b'y!"

The ringing call, in the voice of young Billy Topsail, his master, a fisherman's son, never failed to bring the dog from the kitchen with an eager rush, when the snow lay deep on the rocks and all the paths of the wilderness were ready for the sled. He stood stock-still for the harness, and at the first "Hi, b'y! Gee up, there!" he bounded away with a wagging tail and a glad bark. It was as if nothing pleased him so much on a frosty morning as the prospect of a hard day's work.

If the call came in summer-time when the Skipper was dozing in the cool shadow of a flake,—a platform of boughs for drying fish,—he scrambled to his feet, took his clog in his mouth and ran, all a-quiver for what might come, to where young Billy waited. (In Newfoundland the law requires that all dogs shall be clogged as a precaution against their killing sheep and goats which run wild. The clog is in the form of a billet of wood, weighing at least seven and a half pounds, and tied to the dog's neck.) If the clog were taken off,—as it was almost sure to be,—it meant sport in the water. Then the Skipper would paw the ground and whine until the stick was flung out for him. But best of all he loved to dive for stones.

At the peep of many a day, too, he went out in the punt to the fishing grounds with Billy Topsail, and there kept the lad good company all the day long. It was because he sat on the little cuddy in the bow, as if keeping a lookout ahead, that he was called the Skipper.

"Sure, 'tis a clever dog, that!" was Billy's boast. "He would save life—that dog would!"

This was proved beyond doubt when little Isaiah Tommy Goodman toddled over the wharfhead, where he had been playing with a squid. Isaiah Tommy was four years old, and would surely have been drowned had not the Skipper strolled down the wharf just at that moment.

The Skipper was obedient to the instinct of all Newfoundland dogs to drag the sons of men from the water. He plunged in and caught Isaiah Tommy by the collar of his pinafore. Still following his instinct, he kept the child's head above water with powerful strokes of his fore paws while he towed him to shore. Then the outcry which Isaiah Tommy immediately set up brought his mother to complete the rescue.

For this deed the Skipper was petted a day and a half, and fed with fried caplin and salt pork, to his evident gratification. No doubt he was persuaded that he had acted worthily. However that be, he continued in merry moods, in affectionate behavior, in honesty—although the fish were even then drying on the flakes, all exposed, and he carried his clog like a hero.

"Skipper," Billy Topsail would ejaculate, "you do be a clever dog!"

One day in the fall of the year, when high winds spring suddenly from the land, Billy Topsail was fishing from the punt, the Never Give Up, over the shadows of Molly's Head. It was "fish weather," as the Ruddy Cove men say—gray, cold and misty. The harbor entrance lay two miles to the southwest. The bluffs which marked it were hardly discernible, for the mist hung thick off the shore. Four punts and a skiff were bobbing half a mile farther out to sea, their crews fishing with hook and line over the side. Thicker weather threatened, and the day was near spent.

"'Tis time to be off home, b'y," said Billy to the dog. "'Tis getting thick in the sou'west."

The Skipper stretched himself and wagged his tail. He had no word to say, but Billy, who, like all fishermen in remote places, had formed the habit of talking to himself, supplied the answer.

"'Tis that, Billy, b'y," said he. "The punt's as much as one hand can manage in a fair wind. An' 'tis a dead beat to the harbor now."

Then Billy said a word for himself. "We'll put in for ballast. The punt's too light for a gale."

He sculled the punt to the little cove by the Head, and there loaded her with rocks. Her sails, mainsail and tiny jib were spread, and she was headed for Grassy Island, on the first leg of her beat into the wind. By this time the other two punts were under way, and the sails of the skiff were fluttering as her crew prepared to beat home for the night. The Never Give Up was ahead of the fleet, and held her lead in such fine fashion as made Billy Topsail's heart swell with pride.

The wind had gained in force. It was sweeping down from the hills in gusts. Now it fell to a breeze, and again it came swiftly with angry strength. Nor could its advance be perceived, for the sea was choppy and the bluffs shielded the inshore waters.

"We'll fetch the harbor on the next tack," Billy muttered to the Skipper, who was whining in the bow.

He put the steering oar hard alee to bring the punt about. A gust caught the sails. The boat heeled before it, and her gunwale was under water before Billy could make a move to save her. The wind forced her down, pressing heavily upon the canvas. Her ballast shifted and she toppled over.

Boy and dog were thrown into the sea—the one aft, the other forward. Billy dived deep to escape entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had long ago learned the lesson that presence of mind wins half the fight in perilous emergencies. The coward miserably perishes, where the brave man survives. With his courage leaping to meet his predicament, he struck out for windward and rose to the surface.

He looked about for the punt. She had been heavily weighted with ballast and he feared for her. What was he to do if she had been too heavily weighted? Even as he looked she sank. She had righted under water; the tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea—cold, fretful, vast—lay all about him. The coast was half a mile to windward; the punts, out to sea, were laboriously beating toward him, and could make no greater speed. He had to choose between the punt and the rocks.

A whine—with a strange note in it—attracted his attention. The big dog had caught sight of him, and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach quickly. But the dog had never whined like that before.

"Hi, Skipper!" Billy called. "Steady, b'y! Steady!"

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely and madly pawing the water. Billy was mystified. What possessed the dog? It was as if he had been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid or drowning? His eyes were fairly flaring. Such a light had never been in them before.

In the instant he had for speculation the boy lifted himself high in the water and looked intently into the dog's eyes. It was terror he saw in them; there could be no doubt about that, he thought. The dog was afraid for his life. At once Billy was filled with dread. He could not crush the feeling down. Afraid of the Skipper,—the old, affectionate Skipper—his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy! It was absurd. But he was afraid, nevertheless—desperately afraid.

"Back, b'y!" he cried. "Get back, sir!"

Billy was a strong swimmer. He had learned to swim where the water is cold—cold, often, as the icebergs stranded in the harbor can make it. The water was bitter cold now, but he did not fear it, nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the unaccountable failure of the dog which disturbed him—his failure in obedience, which could not be explained. The dog was now within three yards, and excited past all reason.

"Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get back with you!"

The dog was not deterred by the command. He did not so much as hesitate. Billy raised his hand as if to strike him—a threatening gesture which had sent the Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it had no effect now.

"Get back!" Billy screamed again.

It was plain that the dog was not to be bidden. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands and kicked at the dog with his feet. The Skipper was blinded by the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost, still churning the water with his feet. But swimming thus, he was no match for the dog. With his head thrown back to escape the blows, the Skipper forged after him. He was struck in the jaws, in the throat and again in the jaws. But he pawed on, taking every blow without complaint and gaining inch by inch. Soon he was so close that the lad could no longer move his feet freely. Then the dog chanced to catch one foot with his paw, and forced it under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up—paw over paw, forcing the boy's body lower and lower. His object was clear to Billy. The Skipper, frenzied by terror, the boy thought, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders.

"Skipper!" he cried, "you'll drown me! Get back!"

The futility of attempting to command obedience from a crazy dog struck Billy Topsail with force. He must act otherwise, and that quickly, if he were to escape. There seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink—down—down—as deep as he dared. Down—down—until he retained breath sufficient but to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog—as it was made known later—rose as high as he could force himself, and looked about in every direction, with his mouth open and his ears rigidly cocked. He gave two short barks, like sobs, and a long, mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment nothing was to be seen of either boy or dog. There was nothing but a choppy sea in that place. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the Never Give Up to the bottom.

In the momentary respite under water Billy perceived that his situation was desperate. He would rise, he was sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long he could keep the dog off he could not tell. Until the punts came down to his aid? He thought not.

He came to the surface prepared to dive again. But the Skipper had disappeared. An ejaculation of thanksgiving was yet on the boy's lips, when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly toward him. Billy had a start of ten yards—or something more.

He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There was no better swimmer among the lads of the harbor. Was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? It was soon evident that he was not.

The Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike his foot. He put more force into his strokes. Next the paw struck the calf of his leg. The dog was now upon him—pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight. To escape, that he might take up the fight in another way, he dived again.

The dog was waiting when Billy came up—waiting eagerly, on the alert to continue the chase.

"Skipper, old fellow—good old dog!" Billy called in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir—back!"

The dog was not to be deceived. He came, by turns whining and gasping. He was more excited, more determined, than ever. Billy waited for him. The fight was to be face to face. The boy had determined to keep him off with his hands until strength failed—to drown him if he could. All love for the dog had gone out of his heart. The weeks of close and merry companionship, of romps and rambles and sport, were forgotten. Billy was fighting for life. So he waited without pity, hoping only that his strength might last until he had conquered.

When the dog was within reach Billy struck him in the face. A snarl and an angry snap was the result.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, trying to catch his enemy by the neck and to force his head beneath the waves. The effort was vain; the dog eluded his grasp and renewed the attack. In another moment he had laid his heavy paws on the boy's shoulders.

The weight was too much for Billy. Down he went, freed himself, and struggled to the surface, gasping for breath. It appeared to him now that he had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possession going from him—and at that moment his ears caught the sound of a voice.

"Put your arm——"

The voice seemed to come from far away. Before the sentence was completed the dog's paws were again on Billy's shoulders and the water stopped the boy's hearing. What were they calling to him? The thought that some helping hand was near inspired him. With this new courage to aid, he dived for the third time. The voice was nearer—clearer—when he came up, and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck!" one man cried.

"Catch him by the scruff of the neck!" cried another.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow this direction. The Skipper swam anxiously to him. It may be that he wondered what this new attitude meant. It may be that he hoped reason had returned to the boy—that at last he would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the scruff of the neck when he was within arm's length. The Skipper wagged his tail and turned about. There was a brief pause, during which the faithful old dog determined upon the direction he would take. He espied the punts, which had borne down with all speed. Toward them he swam, and there was something of pride in his mighty strokes, something of exultation in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled over the side of the nearest punt.

Through it all, as Billy now knew, the dog had only wanted to save him.

That night Billy Topsail took the Skipper aside for a long and confidential talk. "Skipper," said he, "I beg your pardon. You see, I didn't know what 'twas you wanted. I'm sorry I ever had a hard thought against you, and I'm sorry I tried to drown you. When I thought you only wanted to save yourself, 'twas Billy Topsail you were thinking of. When I thought you wanted to climb atop of me, 'twas my collar you wanted to catch. When I thought you wanted to bite me,' twas a scolding you were giving me for my foolishness. Skipper, b'y, honest, I beg your pardon. Next time I'll know that all a Newfoundland dog wants is a chance to tow me ashore. And I'll give him a whole chance. But, Skipper, don't you think you might have given me a chance to do something for myself?"

At which the Skipper wagged his tail.—Youth's Companion.

DON'T BE ASHAMED OF IDEALS.

The Passion For Things Good Is Planted in Us All.

Apropos to the recent discussion of the biography of Stevenson is this extract from an editorial article in the Century:

"There is a hunger of the soul for things of good repute that, given a life of average length, is apt sooner or later to assert its power in every man not born an irreclaimable criminal. There is a passion, in strong natures as in weak, for things evil, but there is a passion as well for things clean and virtuous. In that strange and memorable colloquy of the dawn between Francis Villon and the Lord of Brisetout, in Stevenson's story, 'A Lodging for the Night,' the sympathetic figure is not the well-housed seigneur, but the homeless, thieving poet. And yet the man of convention, warming his knees by his comfortable charcoal pan, said things that hold water. 'You speak of food and wine,' quoth he, 'and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure, but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but, indeed, I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?'

"The young man who put these words into the mouth of the Lord of Brisetout knew one or two things about life, and it would be nothing other than natural if, more and more, his own life betrayed that knowledge.

"Heaven knows there is enough to pull us down. Let us not be ashamed, we poor sinners, of cherishing ideals, even in weakness! And defend us from the cynic critics who, for reasons that savor of qualities one does not wish to name, would deface the ideals that speak to us from the many-volumed writings of a brave, knightly and lamented spirit."

The Six-Fingered Children.

Unique in the history of freaks is the six-fingered family of Dresbach, Minn. The family now consists of Mrs. Gaskill and ten children. The peculiarity belongs to the mother's side.

Mrs. Gaskill's maiden name was Olive Cooper. She doesn't know where she was born, but the family was probably of New York origin. She remembers only that she was a wanderer with the Cooper family at an early age, and that the Cooper family were basket-makers and venders; they led gypsy lives and crossed the continent from New York to San Francisco several times.

In the Cooper family there were ten children. Five of them had six fingers and five of them had not. The greatest peculiarity is that every alternate child in point of age has the extra finger, and those who are not six-fingered are blessed with an extra toe, and those who have six toes have webs between their toes. The extra toes and fingers have well developed nails. Exactly the same conditions are found in the Gaskill family. Mrs. Gaskill was married to Zacheus Gaskill thirty-two years ago, and has resided in Dresden since then.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Thames Watermen.

Considering the deterioration of the Thames as a highway, it is surprising that the professional waterman should flourish as he does. This is in great part owing to the prize which Thomas Doggett, comedian, established to commemorate the accession of the House of Brunswick. For 179 years now, on August 1 every year, six young watermen, just out of their apprenticeship, have rowed for the flame-colored coat and silver badge for which Doggett in his will provided in perpetuity. The Fishmongers' Company, of which Doggett was a member, provides other prizes, and the contest still excites more than a local interest.—London Chronicle.

Excessive Politeness.

There is a man who is always apologizing, and some say: "How courteous he is! How thoughtful! A born gentleman!" Know that he is a thorough and aggressive egotist. He runs against you, he steps on your foot, he tries to pass you on the left, he knocks your hat as he hangs by a strap in a car, he sits on your coat tail—what does he not do to call attention to his own breeding? Sometimes he throws the accent on "beg," sometimes on "par—don." The speech is merely a rhetorical flourish and he has practiced all the variations.—Boston Journal.

Of the 1557 towns in New England 101 manage their schools under the district system, eighty-one of them being in Connecticut.